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Rondel.

[From the French of Charles d'Orléans.]

OLD Time has cast his mantle down,
Embroidered by the wind and rain,
And shown himself with flower-chain
In vesture fair and jewelled crown:
No man or beast in field or town
But in his language maketh plain
Old Time has dropped his mantle down
Of ice and frost into the main.

River and pool have doffed their gown
Of sombre hue for trappings vain;
They flaunt in silver through the plain,
Instead of tints of muddy brown,—
Old Time has cast his mantle down,
Embroidered by the wind and rain.

M. F. E.

The American of the Future.

THE RT. REV. JOHN J. KEANE, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

There are in economic matters two sides always. They are just now divided into two divisions, labor and capital. Each side has its rights. Each side must respect the rights of the other, and neither side can be justified in trampling upon the rights of the other. If the rich few knowingly rise up and trample upon the people, it is the spirit of plutocracy; it is wrong and must be overthrown. If the narrow-minded many knowingly trample on the rights of the few, and continue to respect only their own rights, and want the law in their own

hands, and overthrow the public authority and trample it down, looking only at their own rights, that also is tyranny. It is "mobocracy," and the history of the world has shown that mobocracy is just as terrible a despotism as plutocracy. The most terrible of all despotisms is the despotism of the mob. American citizens must be above both. They must say to capital, you shall respect the rights of labor, and to labor, you must remember and respect the rights of capital. That is the spirit of the true American citizen, and the manner in which he should deal with despotism everywhere.

In the next place, the American of the future must be taught, and must be determined, to resist the spirit of national jealousy and rivalry and exclusiveness. Once when I was in Rome, there was a good deal of talk about the Germans and Irish and other nationalities here in this country. And I remember that Leo XIII. said to us: "Look here, my friends, in your country I don't want you to be Germans, nor French, nor Irish, nor anything of the kind, but I want you to be Catholics and Americans" (Applause). People come to this country from all of the other countries, people from all classes. Of course, every man must love his own mother country, his old mother country, and, of course, he must, and he ought to, love and read his own mother tongue, and it is a shame for him if he does not both know it and love it; but remember that the providence of God has brought us all to America, has made America our home and country. And we are going contrary to our own conscience, and contrary to the will of Providence, if we do not say in our hearts: Other countries may have their place, but America must have the first place; other languages must be

respected, but the language of America must be our language; all other things, in their own place, must be respected, esteemed and loved, but America, above all, must have the best love of our hearts and thoughts and the richness of our lives (Applause). Bear in mind, my boys, always the wisdom of the holy Leo XIII., when he said that in this country you are not German, nor Irish, nor French, nor any other nationality, but that we are Americans, and thank God that we are (Applause).

In the third place, my boys, never give audience to the spirit of religious animosity, and hatred, and bigotry. Never permit in your hearts that spirit of false Christianity, which makes men who, as brothers, ought to live together, persecute one another for the sake of Christ, the Prince of Peace. Have no such spirit in your hearts. Be firm in your convictions. I do not at all like those india-rubber Catholics, who say it's all right, do anything you please, or nothing at all if you like. That is not Christianity. It is only infidelity. Such a man is not fit to be a Christian. At the same time, no matter how his ideas may spring from his own notions, or how wrong he may be, or how you may differ from him, still you are to deal with him in charity and toleration. That is a matter dominated by his own conscience, and by the spirit of our Divine Saviour. Only God is the judge of consciences, and we have no business to sit in judgment on the conscience of our brother, and he has no business to injure us because he does not feel as we do. God alone is judge. In a country like ours, where the providence of God brings us all from all creeds, as well as all nationalities, where it is all for God, they should all be united, not merely in toleration, but in genuine Christian charity. Therefore, the American of the future must be on his guard against those vultures who try to stir up strife and jealousy and hatred against one another on account of religion. Beware of those people who call themselves disciples of Christ, the Prince of Peace, who even profess to be ministers of Christ, the Prince of Peace, and who have not Christian toleration and charity. They are wolves in sheep's clothing and are doing the devil's work, and not God's work, for God is the God of love, and the devil is the father of all hatred. It is never to be tolerated; it is un-American as well as un-Christian. We hear much in these late days about the spirit of hostility being stirred up in this country against the Catholic Church by what is called the

Society of the A. P. A., which I think could be better called the A. P. E. (Applause and laughter). That kind of apishness is certainly not American, and we are to have nothing to do with it, or with the men who are serving the devil and doing this low, mean, contemptible work of secretly stirring up a religious fight. But remember, boys, and forget not, that you are never to retaliate by stirring up the hatred of the Catholics against those who are not Catholics, for you would be worse even than they if you aped their doings. Never pay them back in their own coin, for their coin is bad, and you are never to pay a man in bad coin. You are Christians and are serving God and not the devil, for Christ said: "Show all men that ye are My disciples, not that ye hate one another, but that ye love all men always." Prove that you are Catholics by loving even the A. P. A.'s. While you are loving them, though, do not love their principles, and never encourage them. All Americans, whether Catholics or Protestants, must do as their forefathers did in the War of Independence—gather these bad principles all together, and make of them a great bonfire of American freedom and let them disappear forever.

Remember, my boys, that while the American of the future must be on his guard against sectarianism, he must be equally on his guard against its opposite extreme. There are people who are so distrustful of sectarianism and the animosity and strife which sometimes crop out among the churches, that they simply give up all religion entirely. They are the same people who would prefer that America be not considered a Christian country, that our civilization ought not to be considered a Christian civilization. Why? Because, they say, America is a free country; a country of equal rights, both to Catholics and Protestants, infidels and atheists, where all rights are equal; therefore, they say this cannot be considered a Christian country. What bad logic that is! A Christian man must have respect for every man's conscience. A good Christian man must deal justly, fairly, charitably and kindly with his fellowmen, whether Catholics, Protestants, Jews or Turks. He must deal so with everybody. That does not mean that he has no convictions of his own, nor that he is not a Christian. The more his heart is filled with the spirit of our Lord, the more will he be filled with charity towards all. So it is with all Christianity. America is certainly a Christian country. She was born in a Christian era; she is the outgrowth of a

Christian civilization, so what in the world could she be but a Christian country? But while we are strong in the firm conviction that she is a Christian country, and that our civilization is a Christian civilization, she must remember and follow up the spirit of Christ, the Saviour of the world. And her charity must be as broad as the world. And she must deal fairly and kindly with everybody; not the less but all the more a Christian land, because she is filled with charity, even for those who are not Christians. These people read the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States—that Congress shall make no law establishing religion or hindering the free exercise thereof, and say that our Constitution prohibits the Government or the people from having anything to do with religion. Our Constitution says nothing of the kind. Our Constitution asserts that the legislature of our land must never tamper with religion; never tyrannize over religion; never hinder religion from doing its work, and never establish any form of religion by means of law, so as to exclude or hamper other forms. Not that it is to be excluded, but that it is to be free to do whatever it can do. To do what it can for the welfare of mankind, by turning the lives of men toward virtue. It is not because the framers of the Constitution did not know the character of religion, but because they desired to insure that religion should never be at the mercy of politics, that they made the first amendment to the Constitution by placing religion above politics, but not excluding it at all from the public or private life in the land.

Therefore, my boys, remember that this is a Christian country, born in a Christian era, and that its civilization is a Christian civilization. All of the fundamental principles of our Declaration of Independence, of our Constitution and of our whole social organization, are the fundamental principles of the Christian civilization. If America were ever to be persuaded by these people not to consider herself a Christian land and to look with indifference upon Christianity and Christ, she would cut the ground from beneath her own feet, leave her anchorage, and take away the foundation upon which she rests. Boys, beware, for one of the greatest dangers of America's future is the spirit of infidelity, the spirit of immorality, the spirit of agnosticism, a spirit which would leave her people and the civilization of her people without a theological foundation. You will remember the advice and warning that

Washington gave to America in his farewell address: that it would be vain to expect that our civilization could be lasting, and great national prosperity be had without morality, and equally vain to expect morality without religion. For, said Washington, a man or individual may, in consequence of his temperament and early training, be a good man without religion, but experience in religion would forbid us to expect that that could be the case with the people at large. Public morality, he says, depends absolutely upon religion. Then he warns us that any man who labors against morality and religion cannot claim to be a patriot, and is really an enemy of his country. Therefore, my boys, if Washington was right, those men are wrong who are striving to rob the American people of the Christian faith. In his celebrated document called "Washington's Legacy," he says, still more emphatically, in vain would we hope to become a prosperous nation if not by the intervention of the Divine Founder of our Christian religion. And speaking of Christ the Divine Founder, he says, in vain would we hope to be a prosperous country otherwise than by walking in His footsteps and shaping our lives according to His virtues. Boys, don't try to be wiser Americans than Washington. Whenever you find a man who claims to know more about the condition of America's prosperity than Washington, beware of him, for probably if he has the ability, he is only trying to lead America into the darkness and into a quagmire. Our civilization is a Christian civilization; America is a Christian land, therefore, be Christians always.

Now, my dear boys, to make that a little more clear and explicit, first of all, be on your guard against those people who are striving to rob our people of the Christian Sunday. That movement is now everywhere on foot, and men are trying to rob America of her Christian Sunday, trying to turn Sunday over to Mammon, like any other day. Now, boys, it is well for our country to profit by the experience of other countries. Other countries have tried the experiment. When you have the good fortune to travel in the Old World—and it is well to go there in order to profit by other people's mistakes—therefore, I say, when you travel in the old world, you will be horrified to see how Sunday is disregarded. Why? Because for a century past the spirit of heresy and infidelity has been dominant; because for a century past the spirit of Voltaire concerning Christ has been the dominant spirit of the French people,

The French government has tried to wipe it out from the calendar. How has it succeeded? What has been the result? It has destroyed the reverence for religion among the masses of the people; it has taken the religion of Christ out of the lives of the people; it has destroyed in the lives of the people that morality which only religion can keep up. And with morality other virtues have gone. That those countries have turned their backs upon God, and upon Christian civilization, is evidenced by the wilful degradation of the Christian Sunday, and by the fact that they are fast losing the elements that constitute a true nation. America must profit by their example. If we want to keep in our country the spirit of religion and morality that Washington insisted upon, boys, to your death, resist with all your might and power that effort, no matter in what shape it may come, which tends to the degradation of the Christian Sunday.

In the next place, my boys, there are people in this land who are trying to persuade our country that the best system of education for the people is an education without God in it. Again, the old argument that this is a country that does not believe in God; that the man who does not believe in God has as much right as the man who does believe in God, and that therefore, in our public schools, Christ can have no place. They really want to pretend to us that the schools, out of which God and Christ have been excluded, are the best schools for the training of the American people. What makes the character of a people? It is education. You cannot expect a man to be better than he knows, and you cannot expect a man to know better than our educational influences teach him. It is education that makes our people, and that a man should deliberately set about formulating and perpetuating a system of education, from which God and Christ are to be excluded, simply means that he is trying to train up a generation of people from whose minds and hearts God and Christ will be shut out. Then keep up our Christian civilization in order to keep up and guard the true welfare of our country. The future of America depends, above all, upon the getting of just as much of the spirit of Christ as possible into the schools and the hearts of the young. We Catholics recognize the fact that in the common schools of the country it is a difficult problem to know how and in what way to teach the character of Christ, considering the heterogeneous character of our people. The man who

acknowledges the difficulty of the problem we can respect; but the man who says the solution is that God and Christ ought not to be taught there, we must suspect. He is not our country's friend. It may take our country a long time to solve this problem of education. It may be a matter impeded by numerous difficulties, but the welfare of our country largely depends upon this: that the spirit of Christ, the Prince of Peace, and the ideas of Christ, and all of the elements that go to make up the gist of Christianity should just as far as possible invest the minds, and hearts, and characters of the youth of America in the schools of our land. How best to accomplish that, we beg God to guide our people to understand. But if it is the greatest and most important of all problems, then our country surely ought to solve it.

Again, boys, you will find men who are trying to persuade you that the politics of the country is nothing but a matter of expediency; that Christ and good, honest men have no place in politics. Beware of such people. The man who believes that the spirit of Christ has no place in politics is going to be no friend of America. I have heard, boys,—I don't like to believe it—but I have heard that there are politicians who receive Holy Communion and then go and allow their pockets to be filled with bribes. I have heard that there are men who go to church and then receive bribes even from blacklegs and gamblers for various acts of vice. I say, I hate to believe it. Boys, if there are such men, they are traitors and ought to be beneath even the contempt of true Christians or of true Americans (Applause). When you, my boys, go to Communion, to receive our Divine Lord into your hearts, remember that He is the God of truth, that He is the God of honesty, that He is the God of clean living. And if, after receiving our Blessed Lord into your hearts, you meet with a liar, or even with a blackleg, then, by God's help you will be prepared to resist either of them (Applause). Boys, I don't want to encourage any man to be a fighting man, but nevertheless, I say, in all seriousness, that if any man ever comes to you and offers you a price for your vote; as your answer knock him down (Great applause). If you ever find it necessary—all Americans are politicians naturally—I say, if you are in office and anybody ever comes to you and offers you a bribe to do a mean act, denounce that man as a villain, that he may be put in jail where he should be. Shame on the disgrace cast upon us by these

dirty politicians. Be clean politicians, my boys. Act from conscience and from honesty. Do not let the idea get abroad that American politics are becoming so dirty that a decent man cannot be connected with them. Shame on decent people if politics do become dirty, and if they leave them to become dirty, and to dirty people, let them blame themselves. Boys, be politicians all of you. Take an interest in the country's welfare and in the country's health. But always, in everything you do, act in truth, justice, honor and integrity. And whenever you find a man who is disgracing himself and his country by bartering his vote and proving himself a dirty politician, then lay it all bare before the authorities, drive him out of the party or out of the place that he may have, and make American politics what they ought to be—the cleanest kind of public life in all God's world.

Finally, my boys, be on your guard against the one element in American politics that is striving hard to be the dominant element; that is trying, my boys, to hold the balance of power in this country; that is ever asking itself how it can become the balance of power in the whole of our national life. Can you guess what that power is? The power that wants to be the balance of political power; that wants the right of holding the balance of power between our different parties, and giving political success to which ever party will obey it and be guided by its behests and requests. Do you know what that power is? A short time ago somebody or other sent me a copy of the *Wine and Liquor Journal* of the State of New York; the journal of the wine and liquor interests of that state. This journal went on to say that the saloon keepers and liquor men of the state of New York positively constituted the balance of power there; that the whiskey power of the state of New York would give the victory to whichever party would obey it and comply with its behests. I asked myself: what sort of a power is that liquor power? I looked at other parts of the paper and saw wherein they thought public office was abused. One fine fellow found fault with a certain office holder because he was guilty of the crime, on a certain public occasion, a banquet, of being seen to turn down his glass and drink no liquor—not fit to hold public office (Laughter and applause). Another man was declared unfit to hold public office because on a certain occasion he was actually seen to say his prayers. That seems to show the cloven hoof plainly

enough. When the fellow with the cloven hoof comes to this party or to that and says to it: if you bow down and worship me I will give you what your party desires, then do not countenance him for a moment, but say in the words of our Divine Lord, when he was tempted, "Begone, Satan!" Boys, in entering into the political life of your country, register a solemn vow, that as far as you can accomplish it, the whiskey vote shall never dominate the life or politics of our country (Applause).

I wish, boys, that you would all of you get a little tract published by the Paulist Fathers of New York. This little tract gives in full the opinion of the Supreme Court, in November, 1890, concerning the rights and privileges of the American saloon. It is a decision of the Supreme Court of the land, stated in terms of judicial calmness, but, at the same time, of terrible and scorching severity, that the experience of our civilized country demonstrated that the dram shop, in which a man can buy liquor at retail to drink as he pleases, and to treat his fellowmen, is the most fruitful source of crime and misdemeanors that is to be found in a community. It reviews it, in other words, and says that the retail liquor saloon is one of the worst clogs of national prosperity, and that police regulations ought to be formulated in such a way as either to totally suppress the traffic as being dangerous to public welfare, or, at least, to restrain, manage and control it so as to diminish its capability for harm. Now, boys, there is what the Supreme Court thinks comes from our American experience with the character and action of the American saloon. I ask you, can a man be a loyal American citizen and permit that interest to be the dominant power in the life of our country? Promise your country and your God that, so far as you can bring it about, it shall never control the politics nor dictate the life of our country (Applause).

In conclusion, now, my boys, I want to tell you a little story. I was travelling a short time ago and happened to meet a venerable, old dissenting clergyman. He began to talk about things in general, and finally said: "I am sorry to tell you that I consider your Pope the most dangerous man in the world." I said, "Why so?" And he said to me, "Because of his favoring the French Rebellion, he has made himself the friend of democracy." After some further conversation he said that he considered the movement of democracy to be wrong, and that since the Pope had given it his sanction, he looked upon him as a friend of that wrong

democracy and as a precursor of Antichrist. I said to him: "What is your understanding of democracy?" He said: "The reign of the mob. The reign of man without any regard for the rights of God. The reign of some without any regard for the rights of others." I said, "Well if that were true, he would indeed be a precursor of Antichrist, and the reign would be pandemonium." But you know, my boys, that was not what was intended by the love of God, nor what it should mean. The meaning should be precisely what I have said about Christian civilization. True Christian civilization must be the great ideal. Christ became a man, uniting the human with the Divine, and the elevating and ennobling of the human being by the Divine being is the Christian ideal. That is the thought of Christian civilization. It tries to bring into man's life the love of God, and we believe that Christian civilization can succeed, if it can put the spirit of Christ into the hearts of the people and lead them into the richness and the fulness of a Christianized humanity. People feel the weight of a true man of God; they feel that he is a man of God, and even people who are not Christians cannot help but feel that such a man is walking in the right way, not simply because somebody tells him so, but because it is right, and because the providence of God points out the right way. Take the spirit of faith out of the hearts of the people, and then indeed they become a pack of wolves engaged in a sanguinary struggle for existence. Put the spirit of faith into a people, then you have men, you have humanity, clear-sighted, honest-hearted, full of virtue in life, full of good intentions and aims, striving for whatsoever is good and true. That is the Christian's aim; that is the aim of Christian civilization. Now, boys, have an ideal before you always; make the ideal of your life, and direct all your endeavors toward the attainment of that; make it the criterion of all your actions, whether in public or private life. Then will the American of the future be the kind of man he ought to be; then will he be a blessing to his country; then will he be worthy of her destiny; then, my boys, both God and man will rejoice in saying that our beloved America has realized her highest purpose, because she is, indeed, not only the greatest, but the brightest and the best product of the great Christian civilization. (Prolonged applause.)

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THE most useful things are those which make life good and fair.—*Bishop Spalding.*

A Summer in Europe

BY A. B.

VII.—IN LANGUEDOC.

Do we ever outgrow the tendency to indulge in those bright-hued hopes which, philosophers tell us, are but waking dreams, and to gather from fancy's inexhaustible storehouse materials with which to erect the magic fabrics styled castles in the air? Possibly the tendency grows weaker and weaker with each successive lustre until, when one has attained his grand climacteric—his three score years and three—its force has dwindled to the vanishing point; but surely brilliant daydreams and ethereal architecture, whimsical musings and visionary projects are common enough to anyone still on the sunny side of forty. Common or uncommon, I indulge therein for an hour or two after bidding farewell to Lourdes—no; not farewell, but *au revoir*.

For this is the tenor of my musings. Some radiant summer, a few years hence, I shall revisit this delightful Pyrenean region to spend here a full vacation two or three months long. Lourdes shall be my headquarters, and thence I shall make frequent excursions to Canteret and Pierrefitte and Bagnères-de-Luchon and Mauléon and Autevielle and Bayonne, and even across the southern frontier into the romantic land of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. I certainly do not feel that I have looked my last on the Rock of Massabielle or the loftier heights by which it is surrounded. I am prescient rather of a coming day when their impressive forms will reappear to gladden my vision, and I shall exultingly exclaim: "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!"

In the meantime, there is perhaps no good reason why the iridescent pictures of contingent joys should usurp the attention that may well be devoted to existing pleasures; so I rouse myself from my rose-tinted reverie and turn an interested eye upon the varied landscapes that so swiftly succeed one another on the railway journey from Lourdes to Toulouse. For the greater part of the distance, the train follows the direction of the Garonne, and we glide along, now the left, now the right, bank of that noble river which, taking its rise in the Spanish Pyrenees, receives tribute from a score of lesser streams throughout a course nearly four hundred miles in length.

This district of Haut-Garonne that we are traversing is a storied region, as one may conjecture from the antique fortifications, the more or less dilapidated mediæval churches, and the ruined châteaux of which we catch occasional glimpses. For centuries it was the ensanguined battle-ground of warring races, and it has known a more frequent change of rulers than perhaps any other department of France. The Vandals and Visigoths wrested the country from Roman dominion in the fifth century; Clovis conquered it in his day and routed the Visigoths; and it was subsequently subjected alternately to the sway of the Dukes of Aquitaine, the Counts of Toulouse and the Kings of France. This same region was, moreover, the fateful theatre of the unfortunate wars of the Albigenses, and has witnessed many a bloody contest between that Raymond of Toulouse of whom Tasso sang and his renowned and victorious adversary, Simon de Montfort.

The glamour of chivalric splendor and historic interest with which, by the time we reach the city, Toulouse has become invested, is such that I yield to a sudden impulse and determine to spend a few hours in visiting its most notable monuments. And surely such a determination is easily justified. It is not every day that a resident of a land discovered only some paltry four hundred years ago has an opportunity of looking about a city which has attained the eminently respectable age of twenty-three or twenty-four centuries—and Toulouse was certainly founded four or five hundred years prior to the Christian era. Unfortunately, however,—at least from the point of view of an admirer of antiquity—the city seems to be somewhat ashamed of its extreme age, and is beginning to deck itself out with all the fantastic frivolities of modern fashions. The vanity of architectural frills and flounces and furbelows is pardonable enough in such giddy young belles as Chicago or New York, but one does not care to see it affected by venerable and hoary old grandams like Toulouse. The incongruity is too striking; and in the present case I am irresistibly reminded of the painted and powdered and padded Lady Kew, the graceless old worldling of "Vanity Fair."

Yet there are compensations. Here, for instance, coming down the street, is a spectacle absolutely devoid of any modern aspect,—a genuine, unadulterated antique. It is the picturesque turn-out of a Languedoc peasant, a sturdy farm-horse attached to a great, unwieldy

tumbril, or two-wheeled cart. The tumbril itself is a curiosity and the costume of the peasant not uninteresting, but I have no eyes for either of these. All my attention and my admiration (in the strictly etymological sense of the word) is given to the horse's equipment, the fearfully and wonderfully made gear of wood and rope and leather that does duty as a harness.

The traces are ropes fully as stout as a tug-boat's hawser, and the hames to which they are attached are simply two pieces of four-inch scantling fastened to a massive leathern-collar and rising in a sort of irregular arch about two feet above the horse's shoulders. The remainder of the gear is in perfect keeping with traces and hames. I mentally estimate the weight of the complete outfit and conclude that it cannot be much less than a hundred and fifty pounds. As a friend of the brute creation, I reprobate the Languedoc harness; but as an admirer of curious antediluvian relics, I am quite satisfied with the show and pass on contented.

One readily learns the lesson that the most notable structures in European cities are the churches, and I make it a point to view the more celebrated of those in Toulouse. The Cathedral of Saint-Etienne does not detain me long. It bears the imprint of the structural peculiarities of every century since the thirteenth, and while individual portions of the edifice—the chancel, for instance—are remarkable enough, the general effect is inharmonious.

Not so with the Basilica of St. Sernin (Saturninus). This is a veritable masterpiece of Romanesque architecture, and is one of the vastest churches of that style in existence. That it is the expression of a single thought and was completed in one century, the twelfth, is clear from its perfect symmetry and the unity of design visible in each detail of its component parts. St. Sernin's spire is one of the most impressive and quite the oddest that I have ever seen. It is octagonal in form and rises in seven storeys from the cupola of the transept. Each face of the seven gigantic prisms, whose perimeters diminish in regular gradation, is pierced with a gemel window, and on the upper base of the topmost prism rests an octagonal pyramid. The style is certainly original, and so effective that I wonder it has not been extensively imitated.

The art museum of Toulouse is perhaps the richest in Southern France. Its treasure are lodged in a very imposing edifice, an old

Augustinian monastery. The great wide galleries, each divided into twenty arcades, are crowded with tombs and inscriptions; and were I an archæologist, I should find here interesting matter enough to keep me in Toulouse for a month. As it is, I visit the halls of sculpture and painting rather more hurriedly than leisurely; and leaving the museum, enjoy an hour's drive about the city before taking the train for Marseilles.

The portion of France through which we are now speeding is known as the Land of the Sun (*Pays du Soleil*); and I should be quite willing to admit the thorough appropriateness of the name, even were the calorific properties of the solar rays to which we are subjected considerably less pronounced than they are rapidly becoming. Brilliant sunshine and skies of delicately translucent blue are excellent things in their way, and when the poetic side of my personality is uppermost, I can "enthuse" thereon with the next one; but my prosaic side is coming on top with increasing frequency of late days, and I find the weather uncomfortably warm, or, as an English colonel in my compartment of the Marseilles train puts it,—"beastly hot, don't ye know."

Another discomfort, which none but enamored votaries of the delectable Nicotian weed can gauge at anything like its proper intensity, is this: I have not had a really enjoyable smoke since leaving Rouen. My supply of genuine tobacco, the English variety, gave out the second day after my arrival on French soil; and in the interval I have been unable to procure any closer imitation of the real article than the stale, insipid, savorless mixture of immature hay, boiled tea-leaves, and desiccated cabbage-stalks that masquerades throughout France in the guise and under the name of the delightful narcotic that soothes the troubled spirit and lulls the wearied brain to rest. Should I ever reside in France, I shall certainly give up smoking—there will be no incentive to continue the habit—but the next time I pass through the country I shall take care to carry with me a generous provision of "Myrtle Navy," even if the duty thereon is ten times as high as at present. French tobacco is as execrable as French coffee is excellent,—and that about exhausts the subject.

In the meantime, supremely indifferent to the intensity of the heat and any other discomfort of the passengers behind it, the engine is hurrying our train through pleasantly diversified scenery at an average rate of thirty-six

miles per hour; and we are rapidly nearing the Gulf of Lyons, a partially land-locked portion of the Mediterranean. That storied sea has always been associated in my mind with an atmosphere of poesy and romance, and I look forward to my first view of its "deeply, beautifully blue" waters with not a little eagerness. For that first view I am indebted to a good old French *curé* who has entered our compartment at Carcassonne and who looks so distinctly affable that I venture to engage him in conversation. He readily responds, and for the next hour or two calls my attention to any features of the passing landscapes that he thinks may interest a stranger. He is just in the middle of an entertaining sketch of the sundry inconveniences incidental to the position of a parish priest in *la belle France*, when he interrupts himself with: "Ah! voilà la Méditerranée!"

Yes, there it is,—

"The Sea! the sea! the open sea!

The blue, the fresh; the ever free!"—

and my anticipations are fully realized. It is a beautiful sight, that immense sheet of brilliant blue stretching away off to the southern horizon with a cloudless firmament tinged with a lighter shade of the same hue overhanging its broad expanse. (I believe I have seen that expression "broad expanse" somewhere before, but it fits the Mediterranean all right, so let it go.) My friend the *curé* is pleased with my evident enjoyment of the scene, and inquires whether I have ever before beheld so large a body of water. I smilingly assure him that I have recently taken a water-trip some three thousand miles in length and explain that I come from America, upon which he ejaculates: "Indeed! Why, I have been taking you for a Belgian." I would give several *centimes* to know whether the Belgians of his acquaintance speak French tolerably well or otherwise, but conclude to accept the remark as a compliment to my accent without any injudicious prying into the nature of the sentiment that prompted it.

The first notable town on our route from Carcassonne is Narbonne, the *Narbo Martius* of the Romans who made it one of their earliest settlements in Gaul. My reverend companion informs me that the town was very probably known to the Greeks at least five hundred years before the Birth of Christ; and then with delightful inconsequence asks me in the same breath whether I have never heard of the Narbonne honey. About forty or fifty miles farther on, we reach the seaport town of Cete which, I regret to learn, is the *curé*'s destination. He

gives me a cordial hand-shake, wishes me *Bon voyage*, and leaves me to muse with increasing admiration on the uniform courtesy, obligingness, and tact that have characterized all the native Frenchmen who have been my fellow-passengers on trains during the past ten or twelve days. Whenever I have been desirous of information or of the relaxation afforded by a social chat, I have invariably found my questions or advances responded to with a politeness as unaffected and cordial as though I were addressing a friend.

Cette is associated in my memory with the one attempt at humor I have so far discovered in that driest and most prosaic of all volumes, the conventional guide-book. The statistician who compiled it forgot himself for a moment and wrote: "The place is renowned for the manufacture of all kinds of wines by judicious blending and adulteration!" The exclamation point is meant, presumably, to warn the reader that the statement is ironical; and I am rather surprised that there is not an appended foot-note explaining, after the manner of Artemus Ward, that "This is a goak." I deplore the dishonesty of these adulterating vintners of Cette, but am not unutterably shocked thereat, for similar "tricks of trade" are common enough a good deal nearer home. Down in Eastport, Maine, for instance, the common herrings of Passamaquoddy Bay become transformed, simply by passing through a sardine factory, into genuine Mediterranean pilchards.

Montpelier, Nimes, Tarascon, and Arles, towns at which we make momentary stops, are all interesting localities, especially to the antiquarian, as they contain ruined amphitheatres, pre-Christian temples, Roman theatres, hippodromes, and other vestiges of the civilization once dominant over all southern Europe. Arles, I remember, was the seat of several of the earliest general councils of the Western Church, notably of one held in 314 A. D. at which several British bishops were present. The shadows are falling now, and the view from my window is growing too indistinct to be interesting when we suddenly enter upon a scene of light and noise and busy streets and hurrying crowds. This is the terminus of today's journey, the metropolis of the Mediterranean—Marseilles.

"The hearts we bear within us makes us men;
It is the fountain head of noble thoughts,
The source of noble living and of power."

Books and Magazines.

—Archbishop Ireland's address before the Union League Club, of Chicago, has been published in pamphlet form by the Catholic Truth Society of Buffalo. No one could be found more fitted to speak on the subject of "American Citizenship" than the Archbishop of St. Paul. It is the appeal of an enlightened patriot to his fellow-citizens to respect and keep intact their dearly-bought privilege of the ballot. With a scholarly hand he treats of the development of the American Republic, and dilates with enthusiasm on its glory and greatness. Altogether, this is an address which should be read by every young American who loves his country.

"Army Boys and Girls," by Miss Mary G. Bonesteel, is, as the title would suggest, a series of short stories about children whose fathers and uncles and other male relations are for the most part "military," and whose little lives are rounded out in the U. S. garrisons and camps of the West. It is an excellent group of tales, well-written, plausible, instructive, and above all sweet and winning. The repose and home-like atmosphere of the book affords, perhaps, its chiefest charm. Happily the obnoxious and oft-repeated boy of fiction, with his adventurous dash and daring and foolhardy frolic, is entirely absent, and we have instead the real thing, which, as a rule, whittles sticks and lies on its back in the sun. The girls too are sane and do not always read from brass-bound books or sew samplers by the window. Indeed, everyone must once have met and loved just such darling, diminutive humans as Miss Bonesteel so well depicts. Even the larger personages are no strangers, and—we may be pardoned of course for saying it—some of them come very near to being a type of many who have sported the gold and blue of Notre Dame. Of the different stories, for unflagging interest, quaintness of situation and thoroughness of treatment, our preference goes to "Teddy's Trip to the Fair." It is a tale calculated to send a boy to bed "good." Miss Mary Bonesteel is heralded as a "new Catholic anthoress," and she is new indeed, in the sense that she has just been discovered and that there is a freshness about her work; but she is old, very old, in the wisdom of the scribes. In "Army Boys and Girls" she has shown herself to possess, to a remarkable extent, the rare faculty of making the commonplaces of life readable and attractive. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, are the publishers, and every school which intends to give premiums should procure a goodly number of copies.

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—From Baltimore comes the news that our former Professor of Mathematics, Mr. Albert F. Zahm, who will receive the degree of Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins in June, has discovered a method of accurately measuring time to the hundred-thousandth of a second. The apparatus with which he secures this result, remarkable when we remember that physicists have long considered measurements to the one five-thousandth of a second very exact, is wonderfully simple. Against the pulley of a dynamo, covered, for the experiment, with chemical paper, a steel stylus which is the terminal of an electric circuit is pressed. With a continuous current, the point traces an unbroken blue line on the paper, and any interruption is marked by a blank. For a break of one ten-thousandth of a second this blank was one sixteenth of an inch long, a distance capable of many subdivisions. Mr. Zahm obtained even better results with a disk of clay moistened with the same chemical—a mixture of ammonium nitrate solution with pot-fer-cyanide—and rotating 1620 times in a minute. The paper, he found would stretch, but the clay gave a perfect and uniform trace and an absolutely accurate record. His discovery has excited much interest and comment at Johns Hopkins, and the SCHOLASTIC joins with his many friends at the University in congratulating him on his success.

The Purpose Novel.

It is the fashion, we are aware, among those who fancy themselves of the inner circle of Letterdom to laugh at the pretensions of the purpose novel. Apparently, also, the insignificant rest of the world laughs with them as it infallibly would for a greater or less time no matter what absurdities they might choose to utter. Nevertheless, we cannot help believing that most persons who go to church occasionally and listen to sermons and are not bright youths or grown admirers of the decadent "art for art's sake" school, do think that a novel should teach a moral lesson. And not only that the novel should, but that the obligation of so doing is laid equally upon the dramatist, the poet, the painter, the sculptor, even the architect,—upon all, in short, who through any channel of artistic expression portray human life and action as they see it.

Designedly do we say here "a moral lesson" rather than "a lesson in morality" because a number of modern Parisian novelists, who do not at all meet with the approbation of the afore-mentioned church-goers and respectable persons, conform excessively well to the lesson in morality requirement, but, somehow or other, fail to strike us exactly as teaching a moral lesson;—unless, as some of the favorite French writers of the day seem to imply in their apologies for Naturalism and kindred pot-boilers, it be a moral lesson to show one's reader how much more virtuous he is than most of his kind;—not excluding the author himself.

But after all, should a novel be written with a teaching purpose? If the question is put this way, we answer, "No"—at least not with a conscious, definite teaching purpose. But we must distinguish carefully between novels with a teaching purpose and novels that inculcate morality.

A novel should be first, last and all the time a work of art. Zola and, perhaps, Howells may deny this, as they deny everything anyone else has ever said about novels. But most people, we presume, accept Marion Crawford's definition of the novel as "an intellectual, artistic luxury." Now the real purpose novel, the *tendenz-roman* of the Germans, will not fit this definition at all. The true *tendenz-roman* is a religious, social or philosophical essay, forced into the form of a story and misnamed a novel.

The characters, as a rule, are merely personified vices or virtues:—to the moralist usually the former, and to the man of literary taste, nearly always so; the action slow and uninteresting, the painstaking digressions of the author to make amends for your evidently taken-for-granted lack of intelligence, trying to the patience, and the book in most cases a well merited failure. This type of novel Crawford defines "an intellectual *moral luxury*."

No man has a right to impose upon a guileless reader, seeking an hour's recreation, his individual views on all things, past, present and to come. Thank the fates, the number of such books that have met with success is refreshingly small.

Many people, however, confound this half-breed species of literature with the novel that inculcates morality. What they really intend to affirm in advocating the purpose novel is that the moral effect should be good; that one should lay aside a book with a feeling that he is nobler, higher, better, in hope and view and ambition than when he took it up for the first time. This is far from the effect usually produced by the *tendenz-roman*. A true novel should indeed elevate, purify and ennoble heart and mind. But, in order to do so, it must contain something more than sound doctrine on politics or morals. A volume of the most orthodox and pious sermons may be infinitely tiresome and disheartening. It is the atmosphere, the personality of a book that makes us better or worse, fouler or purer.

Every great work of literature teaches morality as literature should teach it; not objectively, but subjectively. Homer had no theory to vent when he composed the "Iliad." He does not profess to be a teacher; and yet his immortal lines have served a thousand generations as a text-book. Shakespeare did not choose the stage in order to set forth his views on the society of his time. He may have indulged in a little desultory caricature—who could resist the temptation—but "Hamlet," "Lear," "Macbeth" are, one and all, works of art, not of instruction. And yet who has ever denied that there are deep lessons to be drawn from those epitomes of human life, its tragedy, its comedy, its pathos, its uncertainty, its purpose?

That touching scene on the wild and stormy moor; the old king driven out into the night and rain by his ungrateful daughters; the fool, his only attendant, his companion now in the fellowship of misery, vainly striving to cheer this broken master with merry tunes; and those

kingly words of Lear—a king in spite of fortune—"Poor fool, I pity thee!" What purpose novel with its pitiful moral can approach in sublimity of teaching those few words? Not one.

Why is the well known dime novel forbidden to the young American hopeful in every home? We never could discover a teaching purpose in any of them, and we think money-getting about the only purpose Messrs. Beadle and Munro were ever suspected of. But their stories are nevertheless bad and the bane of young America because *indirectly* they give false ideas of life, set up false ideals, in a word, are bad art.

But though teaching is not the business of the artist, all true art, be it in words, or colors, or marble or buildings, by that inexpressible something, that lies in the soul of the author and finds its exterior manifestation in the style, is a teacher, a revelation.

E. C.

Notre Dame, O; Michigan, 13.

It was not a Waterloo that the Varsity fought and lost, last Monday afternoon, but rather an age-end rendering of the first Bull Run. Waterloo was final, but Monday's defeat, disastrous as it was, was an earnest of future victories. Our boys played ragged ball from the beginning, but it was evident, too, that there is good baseball material in the Varsity, which needs only developing and something like teamwork to make every other game on the schedule a triumph for the Gold and Blue. It was a chapter of thirteens—thirteen errors for Notre Dame, thirteen runs and thirteen strike-outs to the credit of our friends, the enemy. Michigan never played a cleaner, prettier game, but our fellows were erratic and uncertain and lost their grip on the slightest provocation. Those who saw the sharp and brilliant practice of the day before, had entertained high hopes of Notre Dame's success; but all the snap and brilliance and nerve had vanished before our team faced the men from Michigan and discovered that baseball was not a game of chance. The conditions were all in favor of the Ann Arborites. They had met a dozen teams within the preceding two weeks, while it was Notre Dame's first game, and errors were, of course, to be expected. The afternoon was cold—a circumstance which told more on our inexperienced men than on the veterans from over the line, and accounts for many of our errors.

The game began sharp at three o'clock, with Michigan in the field and Notre Dame ready for her first try at Watkins' curves. The sky was overcast, and there was abundant promise, in the clouds massed in the southwest, of rain to come, but, for once, Jupiter Pluvius was merciful and withheld his torrents, and the Executive Committee was almost cheerful. The grand stand, though a novelty and an improvement for which our friends to the southward have been clamoring for years, was only reasonably full, while the side-lines were black with visitors, who were, almost to a man, partisans of Michigan. It was a pretty scene even though the sun declined to smile on it. The dainty toilets on the grand stand, the gold and blue ribbons that floated from every button-hole—for Michigan's colors are almost the same as our own—and the graceful pennants of the Sorin Hallers relieved the dull browns and blacks of the picture. The cheering was not so harmonious as the general color effect, but every one managed to make considerable noise while the preliminary practice was going on.

There was a momentary silence, when Chassaing, the first man to the bat, faced Watkins and waited for the first ball of the season. Watkins is something of a contortionist and every one was uncomfortably short of breath—it is the mode to wait for the first ball in a state of suspended respiration—before the final flourish came, and the ball went speeding toward the plate. Chassaing caught it for the neatest hit of the game, a long, low drive over second, and cantered down to bag number two before Sexton fielded the ball. It was Notre Dame's one moment of triumph, for Chassaing was put out, twenty seconds later, while trying to steal third. Brown and Funkhauser were Watkins' first victims and he retired both of them on strikes. Dean opened for Ann Arbor with a swift grounder to Chassaing who fumbled and gave him his base. Holmes sacrificed and Watkins pounded a single to right, bringing in Dean and going to second on a wild throw. Sexton dropped a base hit behind second and Watkins trotted home. Sexton stole two bases and scored before Sweet could return Russell's fly to the plate. Bloomington's slow grounder to third was fumbled and he reached first before the ball. Condon flew out to Chassaing and Bloomington failed to score. Michigan gave short shrift to the Varsity in the second. McGinnis and Anson could not find Watkins' curves, and Schmidt sent an easy one to short and was thrown out at first. Russell's

"good eye" gave him first on four balls, but Chassaing caught him at second and he came in to rest. Smith was generous and McKenzie and Dean walked to first on four balls. Holmes sacrificed but Watkins was thrown out at first and Michigan took the field again, Sweet and Smith struck out, and Dinkel, after making a pretty single to centre, was caught between 1st and 2d. Sexton began the cannonading in the third with a hit over 2d, but turned the wrong way and Anson put him out. Funkhauser got tangled up with Russell's grounder to short and the Michigan man got safely to first. Bloomington retired on three strikes and Condon rapped out a single and Russell sprinted home. Butler knocked an easy one and beat the ball to first, while McKenzie waited for four balls—and got them. Dean sent a very warm grounder to second and made his base on an error, bringing in Butler and McKenzie. Dean scored on a wild pitch, Holmes sent a low liner to Schmidt and made first on an error. Watkins finished the inning with a hard grounder to Chassaing who threw him out at first. Chassaing retired on strikes, but Brown dropped a single behind short, and made first with ease. Funkhauser sacrificed and Brown went to second, but McGinnis flew out to Bloomington and Brown died on third.

Notre Dame's enthusiasm revived when Somers went into the box and put three men out in two minutes. Sexton and Russell tapped the ball to short and second and were thrown out at first, while Bloomington couldn't find the ball at all. Anson's grounder was too warm for Watkins and Butler, and our big first baseman reached first in good time. He went to 2d on Schmidt's sacrifice, stole third but died there, when Sweet struck out and Dinkel's fly to right was gobbled by McKenzie. Somers' error gave Condon his base, Butler did not reach 1st, McKenzie was caught by Chassaing at 2d on Dean's hit and Holmes was thrown out at 1st, leaving Dean on 2d. Somers failed to hit Watkins, but Chassaing rapped a single to centre, and stole 2d, but Brown's drive to left was caught by Bloomington, Funkhauser was put out at 1st, and again Chassaing was left within reach, almost, of home.

The most brilliant bit of work in all the game was done in the first half of the sixth. Somers sent Watkins to first on four balls, and Sexton smashed a grounder to Chassaing when Watkins was half way to 2d. Chassaing put it to Funkhauser on 2d, who threw it to Anson and the prettiest double-play made at Notre Dame in

some years was a matter of history. Russell was retired on strikes. McGinnis flew out to centre, Anson did not hit the ball and Schmidt's grounder to short finished the inning. Bloomington hit to Chassaing and was thrown out. Condon dropped a single behind short, went to second on Butler's sacrifice, stole third and scored, after McKenzie was thrown out at 1st, on Dean's grounder to short. Holmes went to first on balls, but Watkins was thrown out and the Varsity came in for another try at Watkins. Sweet and Dinkel went out in quick succession on fouls to Condon. Somers was thrown out at 1st by Russell. The Varsity went to pieces again in the eighth inning. Sexton and Russell and Bloomington romped home on errors before our boys rallied and put the Michiganders out in one-two-three style. Chassaing opened the ninth with a slow grounder to short, and the usual result at first. It was the beginning of the end. Brown went out on strikes. Funkhauser got to first but was caught at second, and Michigan's first victory over the Gold and Blue was an accomplished fact. After the game there was the usual fault-finding and regrets, and the silly ones and the "old settlers" began to remember what magnificent teams had upheld our colors in days gone by. As a matter of fact, there was never a team at Notre Dame stronger than the '95 Varsity. That they need practice, no one will deny, but Monday's game was the first of the season, played a full month earlier than the games of other years, and our boys could hardly be expected to play professional ball, as might Michigan. There is no excuse for the grumblers; our fellows can and will improve, and the SCHOLASTIC expects to see the Gold and Blue at the peak all the rest of the season. Following is the score:

VARSITY.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Chassaing, 2nd b	4	0	2	3	4	2
Brown, 1. f.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Funkhauser, s. s.....	4	0	0	3	2	2
McGinnis, c.....	4	0	0	5	1	2
Anson, 1st b.....	3	0	0	10	1	2
Schmidt, 3d b.....	3	0	0	2	1	3
Sweet, r.f.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Dinkel, c.f.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Smith, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Somers, p.....	2	0	0	0	1	2
<i>Total</i>		0	4	24	10	13
UNIV. MICHIGAN.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dean, 3d b.....	5	2	1	1	0	0
Holmes, c. and r.f.....	5	5	0	14	1	1
Watkins, p.....	5	1	1	0	1	1
Sexton, c. f.....	5	2	2	1	0	0
Russell, s. s.....	5	2	0	0	2	0
Bloomington, 1. f.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
Condon, r.f. and c.....	4	3	2	0	0	1
Butler, 2nd b.....	5	1	1	2	0	0
McKenzie, 1st b.....	5	1	0	8	1	0
<i>Total</i>		13	7	27	5	2

Summary: Two base hits, Chassaing, Watkins, Dean. Double plays, Chassaing to Funkhauser to Anson. Struck out by Watkins, 13; by Smith, 1; by Somers, 1. Base on balls, off Smith, 3; off Somers, 5. Sacrifice hits, Notre Dame, 2; Michigan, 3. Left on bases, Notre Dame, 3; Umpires, Steiner and Mack.

Athletics.

The game with Ann Arbor last Monday bore out the remarks contained in our last issue. We confess that our language was a trifle plain—there was no mincing of the case; but the situation demanded strong speech. Monday's exhibition showed that, and the Varsity team realized the truth of the assertions when it was too late. Had they followed our suggestions, the men from Michigan would not have piled the score so high, and Notre Dame would have been spared the disgrace of the worst defeat ever suffered on her own grounds. Happily the necessary changes in the nine are now made, the men are determined that the future will atone for what is past.

Ann Arbor had hardly reached the grounds when they set about practising—and such practice. There was no lagging. Every player was in his place and went about his work with a will. Earnestness and dash marked the fielding. Errors brought forth reproof from the captain, and the men, instead of showing ill-will when reproached, attempted to play better. There was perfect team-work. Every now and then, a player would be called from the field to practise batting and a substitute sent to take his place. Both pitchers were kept busy until the game began. Such practice meant and brought victory.

We are glad to say that our men have profited, in a measure, by this lesson. Their practice since Monday has been an improvement on their former performance. The in-field players do better and quicker work. The outfield, however, is wofully slow. And now, more attention should be given to team-work. There is too much individual play. The men should be taught to assist each other. Base-running and sliding are not receiving the attention they deserve. The runners should be furnished with gloves for sliding—this will tend to make them less timid in attempting to reach a base. The most competent man on the team should personally superintend the playing and instruct each player. And the men should listen to his instructions and make every effort to better themselves. There must be perfect harmony; all must work together or,—well the schedule should be cancelled, and games arranged with Carroll hall.

The changes will effect good results. Brown will do well on third. He needs, however, practice in touching base-runners. In order to

perfect him in this, runners should be instructed to make every effort to reach his bag by sliding. McGinnis is a bit slow in returning a pitched ball. Sweet should see that there are no poppies growing in his field. His slowness of gait and his numerous naps lead us to believe that the vegetation in his quarters tends to stupefy him. Schmidt would do well to practice hard before next Thursday. Monahan should never leave his place to bat to the other outfielders—there should be substitutes to attend to that. By the way, where are the substitutes during the time for practice? What are Mapother, Wellington, Gibson and the rest doing? Why cannot they help? Smith, too, has been frequently absent. Now that the weather is warmer he should get his arm in condition. He should be in constant training. Idleness will not effect any good. He will have to pitch more than four innings next Thursday. The captain should look to him and see that he rubs down his arms after practice.

A word about football. Where is the much-talked-about spring practice, and the punting full-back who is to be developed? Nothing has been done and nothing will be done if Captain Corby continues to pursue the course he has been following. It will not do to depend upon new material—the captain should look about him now.

Personals.

—Mrs. Catchpole, of Chicago, paid a visit to her son in St. Edward's Hall during the past week.

—Rev. Father Van de Laar, and Father T. Sullivan, of South Chicago, passed a few pleasant hours with friends here on Friday last.

—Mrs. J. Corby, of St. Joseph, Mo., visited her three sons at the University during the past week. Mrs. Corby was accompanied by her estimable daughter who was very much pleased with her first visit to the institution, and promised to return for the Golden Jubilee exercises in June.

—Mr. Frank Nester, '85, was married on Easter Wednesday to Miss Marie Miller, of Detroit, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley in the Church of SS. Peter and Paul. Mr. John Nester, brother of the groom, was best man. Among the visitors were noticed Mr. Henry Jewett and Prof. James F. Edwards. The SCHOLASTIC wishes the young couple a happy journey through life.

—Mrs. Breen, the wife of Mr. William P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, was a most welcome

visitor at the University during the latter part of last week. Mrs. Breen is one of the truest friends of the institution and it is always a pleasure to see her even though for a short while. Her husband is the donor of the Oratorical medal and will himself be one of the orators at the Golden Jubilee in June.

—Mr. Vincent Brennan, of Indianapolis, was one of our visitors during the past week. Mr. Brennan, commonly known as "Doc," was a student at the University during '91-'92, but left that he might begin the study of medicine under the direction of his father who is a professor in the State Medical College. Upon the completion of his course there next year Mr. Brennan will sail for Europe, there to spend two years perfecting himself in his chosen profession.

Local Items.

—The Carrollites are now allowed to spend their evenings on the campus.

—Lost: A bunch of keys. Finder please leave same at Students' office.

—There was no meeting of the Law Debating Society last Saturday evening.

—The Literature class has been reading the works of Dryden, during the week just passed.

—The Professor of French began his lectures on French literature to the Second class this week.

—“Mike” and the Minims are making St. Edward’s Park beautiful by setting out the flowers.

—Company B has commenced the drills of the contest for the Gold Medal. The first one was won by J. Maternes.

—The class of Modern History is now considering the discoveries made by the Spanish pioneers, and their results.

—During the past week the members of the Belles-Lettres class have been discussing the influence of Christianity on literature and art.

—A member of the Telegraphy class said that he never knew what it was to be an epicure until he developed a taste for electric currents.

—It is talked about that our baseball team may make a short tour after Commencement, playing all the prominent teams in this part of the country.

—The Criticism class during the past week has been studying the English Ode. The subjects for the final essays for the year were announced on Friday.

—A student of Ann Arbor writes to one of the Notre Dame boys that the players say they received better treatment here than at any other place on their trip through the West.

—Some of the Sorin hall boys spend their

spare moments fishing at the lake. Of course the usual number of fish stories are told and the fishermen fall into the water as often as ever.

—The Carroll study-hall underwent a thorough cleaning last Thursday. Everything was swept and washed, and a new aspect was given to the whole. New matting was placed in the aisles.

—Some of the Sophomores are assuming more than an unusual amount of authority, when they dictate to a student what classes he shall pursue. Such work is left to the Director of Studies.

—Those intending to enter the contests for the Oratorical and Elocution medals should hand their names to the Director of Studies by next Tuesday. It is expected that a large number will compete.

—Several local athletes (?) who do not play baseball sit on the grand stand for an hour or two every day to get a "baseball" complexion and make their home admirers believe that N. D. has many good ball players.

—At last Monday's game the Sorin hall boys made quite a display with their gold and blue pennants. '95 set the ball rolling, '96 followed, and now all the other students should procure them before the next game.

—A learned treatise, in pamphlet form, will soon be published on "Zoölogy" by an abbreviated member of Brownson hall. Special chapters on "Incandescent Bugs" and "Iron Dogs" will show the genius and painstaking research of the author.

—During the past week the members of the Criticism class have been reading the great odes and discussing the Poetics of Aristotle. The subjects for the monthly essays have been given out and now they are studying versification.

—The baseball players started to run before breakfast last week in order to increase their wind. This is a good move since it not only improves their wind but hardens them up. The Ann Arborites did this for a month before they began to play ball.

—Patrons of the Library not finding the books they desire should make known their wants in a note addressed to the "Librarian." Such notes should be left with the assistant librarians or should be dropped into the "SCHOLASTIC" box in the Students' office.

—Considerable confusion was caused on the grand stand when a foul ball was knocked in last Monday's game. Luckily no one was hurt. The manager expects to have the wire netting up before next Thursday's game, and there will be absolutely no danger from foul's.

—It is probable that the "Shorties" and "Lengthies" will cross bats to-morrow for the championship of Sorin hall, but the arrangements have not been fully made as yet. The

"Lengthies" are working hard to redeem their disgraceful defeat on the gridiron last fall.

—On Thursday afternoon several of the students, with Father Klein, made a short trip to the neighboring city of Niles to hear the great Gilmore band play. They returned late in the evening well satisfied with their little trip and the music, which they say was grand.

—The Philodemics held no meeting last Wednesday evening as those on the Stace programme wanted more time to prepare their parts. This the closing meeting of the year is expected to be very interesting since it treats of a man whose life was not far removed from us.

—Several members of the Bicycle Club headed by Bro. Louis took a spin to Elkhart and back on Thursday. The roads used the boys up considerably, but they all had a very pleasant time, and unanimously declare Elkhart to be a very "swift" place in comparison with South Bend.

—The Carrolls enjoyed a pleasant walk last Thursday morning. They took in the new "I. I. I." road as far south as the bridge. Here they remained about half an hour lying under the trees amusing themselves in different ways. They returned by a "cut" across the fields. The boys are grateful to Brother Albeus for his kindness. It is to be hoped that the walks will be more frequent hereafter.

—Thursday afternoon the "Shorties" of Sorin hall played a game of ball with the Carroll hall Specials on the Carroll diamond. The score resulted 27 to 24 in favor of the latter. The defeat of the "Shorties" is mainly due to the absence of four players and rank errors at the most critical points in the game. Several times with three men on bases they failed to hit the ball. Hudson, McKee and Prichard hit the ball for home runs. It is expected that the "Shorties" will play them again next week with their full team.

—The St. Cecilians held their regular meeting in their society room last Wednesday evening. Many of those on the evening's programme were unprepared, but others filled their places with voluntary selections. The President occupied the remainder of the evening in giving the members a treatise on elocution and explaining his instructions by examples. It was a great treat for the society. Messrs. Ducey and O'Brien favored the assembly with songs, the former also giving a declamation. The evening was well and profitably spent. A lecture by Col. Hoynes was announced for the next meeting.

—The "Staff" picture in the Easter number excited most favorable comment. Several college papers have sent letters inquiring who did the work. This gives us an occasion of showing our appreciation of the artistic care in preparing the photographs, and to the engravers for the pains they took to make the

group look as handsome as they could without destroying likeness. The photographers were Messrs Van Sicle and Hogue of South Bend. They unite to a long experience careful attention to sittings. We can recommend them to any who wish to appear to advantage. Messrs. Manz & Co., of Monroe St., Chicago, did the engraving. This firm has done the SCHOLASTIC work for the past few years, and to them is due the credit of brightening our pages by their well-executed engravings. They always present satisfactory work to their patrons.

—At the request of Professor Edwards, Dr. Onahan lectured last Saturday before the Modern History class on Mary, Queen of Scots. The lecture was timely, for the class was then considering the events connected with, and surrounding, Mary's unfortunate career. To some the lecture was important in its historical significance only; while to others—and they seem to be in the majority—it was not only an historical treat, but also a rare literary enjoyment. The facts of Mary's unhappy life were interspersed with clever anecdotes, told in the Doctor's inimitable style. He described the beautiful character of the Queen in eloquent language, and, in order to explain the circumstances connected with her life, he very learnedly cited contemporary history. Dr. Onahan exercised such power over his audience, and his subject was so interesting that every member of the class is incited to look closer into the details of the lives of Mary and Elizabeth. The class sincerely thanks Professor Edwards for his kindness and Dr. Onahan for his graciousness.

—The Columbians spent a very pleasant evening last Thursday. The meeting was devoted entirely to amusement, and the declamation and debate forgotten. Mr. M. J. Costello read "Jimmy Butler and the Owl." Mr. T. M. Howley read "A Bicycle Agent of 1995" and pictured the bicycle of the next century as flying machine and bicycle combined. Mr. E. J. Murphy read an original poem on "Pegasus," which pleased his audience and proved him to be a poet of some ability. Mr. E. F. Jones sang, "A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother." He was obliged to respond to the encore, and he sang "The Party at Odd Fellow's Hall." In music, as in other things, the Columbians accept only the best, and the manner in which Mr. Jones' selections were received, shows him to be a musician of the first rank. Mr. T. F. Cavanagh closed the program with a reading of "The Three Pharisees of Chicago." He kept the audience laughing during the entire reading. Mr. J. W. Miller added much to the program by his witticism and humor, as he introduced each member on the program. The success which attended this meeting has induced the society to devote the last meeting of the session to a similar program and something good is looked for.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Cullinan, Devaney, Gibson, Kennedy, J. Mott, T. Mott, J. McKee, E. McKee, McManus, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, Murray, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Ryan, Shannon, Stace, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Adler, Anson, Barry, J. Brown, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Brennan, R. Browne, Corry, Coleman, Corby, Crane, Chassaing, Carney, Costello, Crilly, Cullen, Dillon, Delaney, Eymer, Follen, Fagan, Foulks, Gilpin, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Galen, Guthrie, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hentges, Hengen, Howell, Hennebry, Jones, Kortas, I. Kaul, E. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Landa, Lassig, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, H. A. Miller, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, Melter, H. A. Miller, B. L. Monahan, Metzger, C. Miller, McGinnis, A. McCord, McCarty, McGreevey, Ney, Neely, O'Mally, O'Brien, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Pearce, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, Spangler, Schulte, Scott, Sheehan, F. Smoger, Schultz, C. Steele, S. Steele, Sullivan, C. Smoger, Spalding, Schmidt, Sanders, Sweet, Turner, Tinnen, H. Wilson, G. Wilson, P. White, Ward, Weaver, Wilkin, Wiss, F. Wagner, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Browne, Corry, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fitzgibbon, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gainer, Gausepohl, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, W. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, E. Heer, L. Heer, Hagan, Keeffe, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Lichtenwalter, Long, Langley, Lantry, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, Landsdowne, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, P. Monahan, Miller, Massey, Maurer, C. Murray, Minnigerode, Meirs, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhilips, McPhee, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, S. McDonald, D. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Pim, Powell, Rockey, Reuss, Roesing, Rauch, Rasche, Sachsel, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlsauth, P. Smith, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Stearns, Schaack, Strong, Scott, Steiner, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Temple, Thalman, Whitehead, Ward, Wallace, Watterson, Waters, Wright, Wigg, Wells, Weidmann, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Bullene, Boyton, Breslin, Brissanden, Curry, Campau, Cressy, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cassady, Collins, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Corcoran, Cotter, Catchpole, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Davis, Egan, Elliott, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Ford, Graham, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, Hawkins, R. Hess, F. Hess, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, L. Kelly, C. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Lovell, Lawton, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McNichols, McElroy, McCorry, McNamara, Michell, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newman, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Paul, Plunkett, E. Quertimont, G. Querimont, Roesing, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Strauss, Sontag, Sexton, Steele, Thompson, Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann,